Old Manhasset Soon to Go.

Payne Whitney Is Buying Out the Long Island Village to Make a Great Estate.

Manhasset, one of Long Island's historic villages, is soon to pass out of existence. It stands in the way of a rich man's ambition and is doomed. Payne Whitney, son of the former Secretary of the Navy, wants the village site to become part of the immense estate he has laid out near Great Neck, L. I. He has already purchased considerable land in the village and has options on a sufficient number of plots to warrant the prediction that he will possess himself of the entire place.

MITCHELL HOMESTEAD.

Manhasset is not only old, but picturesque. Nestling between high hills with a big mill pond, winding roadways and an existence of centuries, it has a right to hold its head high. Some of the residents believe that the village should be too proud to sell itself out and one resident possesses that view of the situation strongly enough to refuse to sell. But she, Josephine Brooks, a negro woman, is the solitary champion of the village.

The village is in the town of North Hempstead, which was formerly part of the town of Hempstead. Cow Bay was the name of the community years ago. The Indians knew it by that distinction and the first white settlers were too hardy to worry about the name. Years later, the place was renamed after one of the Indian chiefs who used to reign in that section.

The first settlers had their troubles. There were land disputes and once soldiers were sent from Hempstead to drive out some settlers at Cow Bay. They descended on the small colony and literally kidnapped the early comers. Then the authorities in Connecticut tried to exercise jurisdiction over Cow Bay and other territory along the north shore of Long Island, but that rule was soon ended. Of course, Cow Bay also experienced all the trials and tribulations of both Dutch and British rule.

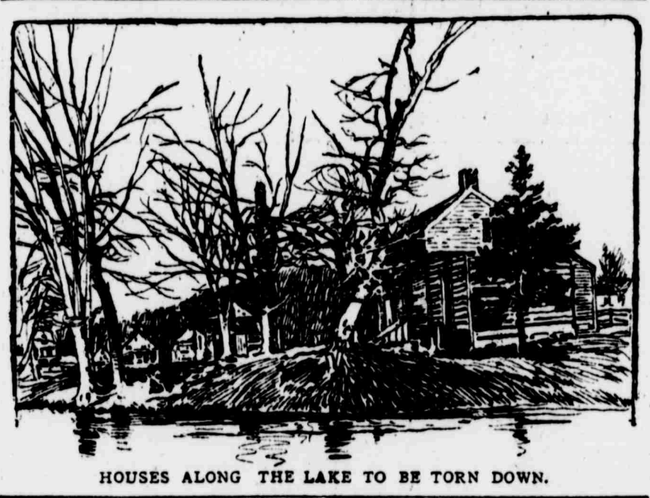
To reach Manhasset by other than the railroad it is necessary to drive out on Broadway, Flushing. The road is one of up and down hill, lined on both sides with picturesque country, well tilled farms, with here and there clusters of substantial Long Island homes. Descending a hill by a winding road, well shaded by stately trees, you see the shimmer of water ahead and the mill pond at Manhasset looms up. On a quiet summer day this pond is like a large mirror, reflecting the trees and houses along its shore with perfect detail.

STREET THAT MAY BE WIPED OUT.

The business section has that lazy air proper to such an old-time community. At the general stores it is possible to purchase everything from a knitting needle to a set of bedroom furniture. Some of the business firms were established by the grandfathers of their present owners. The village post office, of course, is in a store, on the causeway leading up a hill on the side from the main business street of the village. At the first turn stands a modern and pretty church alongside which is a burial ground, the white headstones of which are visible from the village streets.

BROOKS HOMESTEAD THAT MR. WHITNEY CANNOT BUY.

The mill pond is the feature of Manhasset and has always been looked upon with the same pride as the residents near Success Lake viewed that much-talked-about body of water. The pond is not the rival of the lake in shore scenery, but the water is just as blue and the surroundings possess just as much interest. The mill pond is probably the largest remaining on Long Island.



HOUSES ALONG THE LAKE TO BE TORN DOWN.

The old mill is still in existence, with its moss-grown water wheel and hewn timbers. It used to grind corn and grain for farmers for miles around and it was in service for years after every other old mill on the north side of Long Island had passed beyond the useful period.

Mitchell Lake is the local name of thet mill pond. Until it passed into the possession of Payne Whitney a few days ago the pond belonged to Charles Mitchell, who owned besides a farm containing 100 acres of rolling land, part of which is covered by a dense growth of woods. A logging camp was maintained in these woods and hundreds of big trees have been cut down by the woodchoppers. But as soon as Mr. Whitney closed the deal for the Mitchell property he put a stop to the tree chopping. The farm and lake cover nearly 150 acres. The lake runs from the line of Broadway and the Roslyn and Flushing turnpike to the foot of the ridge of hills that are known as the "backbone of Long Island."

They say in Manhasset that Mr. Mitchell had planned to spend the remainder of his years on the place where his ancestors had lived and did not sign a contract to sell until it was stipulated that he should continue to occupy the house and enjoy certain privileges about the grounds until his death.

The mill pond was the key to young Mr. Whitney's plans for a country seat which would be without a rival on Long Island. His desire to purchase it began to develop about the time that residents of the town were discussing William K. Vanderbilt's offer of $50,000 for Success Lake. Other farms were secured, but the idea of purchasing the business section of Manhasset did not suggest itself until the landscape gardeners began to look over the ground.

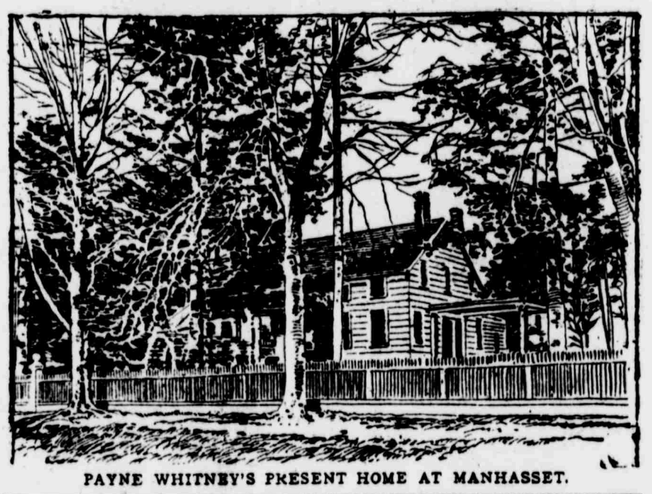
They found that the bank of Mitchell Lake nearest the village was dotted with stores and outhouses and presented from all other sides an appearance not at all pleasing, so they told Mr. Whitney that his scheme for a handsome country estate with the lake as a feature would be marred unless the village of Manhasset was wiped out. The high bank of the lake skirted by the turnpike must be clear of buildings to permit it to be terraced down to the water's edge, so that it would harmonize with the general plans. Mr. Whitney went over the ground and agreed with them, and his agents at once began to acquire the business property along the lake. They not only negotiated for land and buildings, but for good will as well, and they have now bought out plumber, blacksmith, grocer, butcher and hotel keeper.

But Josephine Brooks stands firm. Her property is in the centre of the section which Mr. Whitney is most anxious to secure. If she sticks to her determination not to sell at any price, she will soon be surrounded by the rich man's estate, except for the roadway leading to her place. She does not occupy the property at this season of the year, but leases it every winter to a colored family, spending only her summers at Manhasset.

Mr. Whitney's efforts to secure this piece of property are similar to the experience of George W. Vanderbilt at Biltmore. When he planned that famous estate, a colored man refused for a long time to sell his place, telling those who approached him that he did not object to Mr. Vanderbilt as a neighbor. So far Mr. Whitney's agents have not been able to hold out any inducement sufficiently attractive to secure an option on the colored woman's property, and it begins to look as if she would remain proof against any offer.

THE OLD MILL AT MANHASSET.

Not long ago one of the historic landmarks in Manhasset was removed. It was a bake shop which had an oven with a history. The oven was built a long time ago by the Indian residents and one of the red men used to furnish his fellows with a special sort of bread baked in it, till a white man with modern methods drove him out. The ruins of the bakery were removed finally to make room for a cottage.



PAYNE WHITNEY'S PRESENT HOME AT MANHASSET.

CHEATING AS OLD AS GAMING.

MR. JEROME'S RECENT FINDS SUPPLEMENTED BY SCIENCE.

Devices to Prevent Cheating Discovered by Archæologists With the Most Ancient Gaming Implements—Kinship of All Forms of Gambling—Poker as It Is Played in Far-Distant Persia.

When District Attorney Jerome announced that he had evidence to prove that every gambling house, even the most exclusive, was stocked with appliances to cheat the patrons, he surprised a great many persons who still believed in the traditional "square gambler." Yet tradition and archæological science both agree that when the first gambling game began the first crooked game began, too.

In the French caves once occupied by inter-glacial man gambling implements have been found. They were pebbles, each of which had designs on one face. The designs were stained with various colors, and there is no doubt that they were the first dice.

At least, they were the first dice so far as known. Perhaps some day it will be discovered that the missing link threw dice, too.

The gambler of to-day who talks of going up against the eagle bird does nothing new. The cliff dwellers of Colorado went up against the eagle bird long before America was discovered. They played with gambling reeds and a bowl, and on the bowls are the pictures of the bird Kwataka, which means "Eagle Man." This bird was the patron of those long-vanished gamblers.

That the eagle bird was as liable to moral strabismus then as now is shown by the fact that intricate safeguards were thrown around the game and became more complex with each year in order to protect the gamblers from the dealer.

In ancient East Indian gamblers' outfits are found ivory tigers which were used as chips are used now in bucking the tiger of 1903. The Chinese had a game of dice several thousand years ago in which the most difficult throw was known as the tiger. In another Chinese game there is a "roaring tiger."

The lake dwellers were gamblers like all the rest of sinful humanity. In Bohemia and in Berne are sticks marked with concentric rings which were thrown like dice. They have been found in the remains of many of the pile-dwellings.

The famous knuckle bones of old Rome, made from the bones in the ankle joints of sheep, were not original with the Romans, nor was the use of bones for dice confined to them. The ancient Peruvians used the astragalus bone of the cow or ox, the North American Indians used the bone from the bison, and bones from sheep and other animals are used to-day throughout southern Europe, Spanish America and in most of the Mohammedan countries.

From the oldest times to the present, one of the important rules in throwing knuckle bones has been, and is, that the bones must be changed frequently. The crooked gambler loaded dice ages ago, and does now.

Besides knuckle bones, the old Romans used dice made from all sorts of material from rock crystal to meteoric iron. And the gambler knew what to do with them. Of more than one hundred gaming tables found in ancient Rome a good score were fitted with ingenious devices to make the dice come in the manner best adapted to separate the player from his sesterces.

The great and noble Assurbanipal of Assyria loved to dally with the kubos. They were dice made of glazed baked clay. Besides being a great gambler Assurbanipal was a great art collector like Mr. Canfield, and he left a fine library of earthen tiles full of the history of his life and other moral stories.

Wherever ancient dice are found, all sorts of receptacles are found with them, shaped in many ways, but all devised to make the gambler shake fair. An old Etruscan dice cup of this kind is conical, with the interior formed of different steps, to prevent the son of fortune from giving his man any extraneous aid.

The father of all the gambling games was a game which still is the national game of Corea under the name of nyout. It is played with a board marked out with a series of circles. The players use four staves which they throw as dice are thrown, and, according to their throws, they move counters around the board.

The counters are called men in Corea, as they are called in practically all the world. The name originated with the ancient Chinese, who were as inveterate gamblers then as they are now.

Nyout is the prototype of all the modern games known as fox and geese, game of geese, steeplechase, snake game, and the scores of others that are based on the same principle. The old Hindoo game of pachesi also is based on the game of nyout.

The University of Pennsylvania has collected 145 games of different countries all based directly on the game of goose and indirectly on the game of nyout. A popular Corean form of the game that is played much to-day is Tyjong-Kyong-To, in which a five-sided stave is used instead of a cubical dice.

A primitive and simple form of game is used by Philippine gamblers. They call it pungitan. The players draw a two-foot ring on the ground or floor with a small ring of about an inch in diameter drawn in the centre. In it lies a small shell.

Each player has a somewhat larger white shell which he throws to see who shall play first. The shell that falls mouth up wins.

The winning player then places his shell at any point on the edge of the big circle and shoots it at the small shell in the middle circle. If he succeeds in knocking the little shell clean out of the large circle, he wins whatever has been staked.

The Arapahoe Indians use five dice of buffalo bone marked on one side with burned designs. The dice cup is a woven grass basket 9 inches in diameter and 2 inches deep. The game is played by tossing the dice up from the basket and letting them drop back into it. The players score according to the points made. The Arapahoe women often stake everything except their more or less immortal souls in this game.

The unlaundered Esquimau plays with ivory dice carved into images of birds. These are shaken in the hand and thrown upward. The winner is he who throws so that the greatest number of dice land in an upright position.

The use of staves as dice is the most ancient form of gambling, and is still the most widespread among all races except the highly-civilized, who apparently prefer hold-outs and other Caucasian products of culture.

Almost all the Indians of America, from Cape Horn to Alaska, use staves in some form or other. Sometimes they are used in the form of arrows, which are thrown as far as possible by the players. At other times they use beautifully-colored and marked staves, which have values according to their markings.

Many Chinese, East Indian and Pacific Island gambling games of to-day are played with staves or throw sticks.

The sad thing about it is that gambling with staves originated as a religious ceremony in the days of incantations and divination. The staves were used then by the soothsayers and priests to fortell events. Thus they were used by the Persians, the Scythians and the old Germans. But wicked humanity soon seized on the sacred emblems to get wealth without working too hard for it.

Even the Mayas learned to gamble from their priests. One of the finest color pictures of the Mayas that is still in existence shows a diagram that was used for a gambling game similar to both the Asiatic nyout and pachesi.

The playing card followed the stave naturally. The first cards were used in eastern Asia. They are long and narrow. They ran from 48 to 150 to a pack.

Some of the very finest were used in early ages by the Hindoos, who developed hundreds of games of chance and skill and brought them to a high state of ingenuity. Many of their cards were of immense value, being made of fine lacquers and painted with the richest colors by artists of striking talent. The Chinese also have produced many beautiful cards.

The Hindoo court cards bear representations of the ten avatars of Vishnu. The marks of the numerals are: the fish, the tortoise, the boar, the man-lion, the white axe, the red axe, the pestle, the white horse, the lotus flower and the sword.

In the Persian ganjifeh cards, the set consists of twenty cards in five colors or values. They are 1, lion, or ace and sun; 2, king; 3, lady or queen; 4, soldier or knave; 5, lakat, meaning something of little value, generally represented politely by a dancing girl.

The Persians play a game that they call "as", which is probably based on the word ace, introduced into Persia from Europe. "As" is exactly like poker, but without flushes or sequences. There are four players and each player gets five cards, dealt to the right.

The dealer puts down a stake and the first player looks at his cards, just as he would in Red Dog, America. Then he says either "Didam" or "Nadidam." "Didam" means "I have seen," and if he says that, he covers the stake or raises it. If he says "Nadidam," he means "I have not seen," and throws down his cards.

If he wants to straddle, he says "Nadidididam," which means "Not seeing, I have seen."

The second player must cover the stakes or can raise if he decides to play. The third player and the dealer then act exactly as in American poker. When all the stakes of all the players are equal, and no game man evinces a desire to do any more raising, the cards are turned up and the player holding the best hand wins the pot.

The hands in order of their values are:

Seh va just, three and a pair; a full.
Sehta, threes, aces, kings, &c.
Do just, two pairs; aces highest.
Just, one pair; aces highest.

When two players have the same pair or pairs, the other cards decide, as, for instance, a pair of kings, ace, soldier and lakat.

The Persian poker artist knows all about bluffing. He has a pretty name for it—tupzudian. It means literally "firing off a gun." A bluff is "tup."

BRICKLAYERS' TROWELS.

Modern Changes in Them—Different Styles Used.

"The bricklayer's trowel," said a dealer in such things, "might have seemed long ago to have reached its final perfected shape, never to change again; but as a matter of fact it has been in the past dozen years altered considerably in its proportions, the better to adapt it to modern conditions.

"The old style trowel was used for laying bricks with mortar; but now bricks are laid more commonly with cement, which is used in a far more nearly fluid state than was mortar, and the old style trowel wouldn't take up enough of it. So masons were continually calling for a wider trowel, and in answer to this demand the trowel has gradually been widened until now it is an inch or more wider than it formerly was. It is also made nowadays a little shorter than formerly.

"And of trowels in general there are now more styles than there formerly were, due to the greater complication of modern construction, and the greater need of trowels for special uses.

"While the bricklayer's trowel, shorter and wider, as I have described it to you, is now the standard hereabouts, bricklayers throughout the country do not everywhere use the same kind. Thus, while we use here a trowel of a certain form and dimensions they use in California a trowel with a bigger and thinner blade than that of ours; there they don't cut and trim bricks with the edge of the trowel, but use a chisel that is made for the purpose. But then, men in different parts of the country have different methods in bricklaying practice, as well as different tools.

"A New York mason, for instance, will spread his mortar or cement along and lay three or four bricks at once; while a Boston mason lays bricks singly. I don't know that one method is any faster than the other."

His Broken Back Getting Well.

From the Philadelphia Press.

TAMAQUA, Pa., Feb. 16.—George W. Garrett of Summit Hill, whose back was broken by a fall of coal at the Adams colliery seven weeks ago, will probably soon recover the use of his limbs. He was hit on the shoulder by a 600-pound lump of coal, and it was expected that death would soon follow. He was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, at Bethlehem. From his shoulders down he was without a particle of power or feeling for the first four weeks. His backbone was broken, but the spinal cord was only badly bruised. The numbness gradually moved downward and to-day he has the use of his body to the knees.

It is expected in a short time that he will be able to move around with freedom, although he may never be able to do a hard day's work.

HEROES OF THE ENGINE ROOM.

BRAVE DEEDS AT SEA OF WHICH LITTLE IS HEARD.

An Engineer's Work Inside a Hot Boiler a Ship From an Explosion—A Funnel of Junk—The Engineer's Day's Work.

My engines, after ninety days o' race and rack and strain
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again,
Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the cross-head gibs are loose;
But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gled them fair excuse. —*M'Andrew's Hymn.*

"One of the real heroes of the sea," said the manager of a transatlantic line, as he nodded at the retreating figure of his visitor. "One of our engineers, and he and his kind save many a ship many a time at great personal risk, and are not even thanked for their efforts by the passengers.

"But that's because the latter don't know when or where or how the engineers preserve their lives, for their deeds are unheralded outside the engineers' mess and the captain's room. Yes, sir, it's true that

"They've words for every one but me—shake hands with half the crew,
Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never knew."

The manager pondered a moment.

"I'll prove to you that these men are the real heroes of the ocean," he said, and these are the stories that he offered in proof:

A certain steamship in the Pacific trade had been sent out from her home port with the majority of her boilers out of commission. In midocean one of the few boilers capable of being fired got leaky tubes, and it became necessary, in order to keep the ship under headway in a hurricane-swept sea, to repair the boiler immediately.

The fire was pulled out from under it, the manhole lid was unscrewed and removed, and the first engineer, wrapped from head to foot in a thick coating of asbestos, crawled into the hot boiler and with chisel and hammer began tearing out the defective tubes.

For two minutes he worked, and as he worked, held his breath, for a single gasp of the fiery air in his lungs would have killed him. Then he crawled to the manhole and was pulled out by stokers.

Five minutes later he again went into the boiler. This time, after nearly two minutes' work, he succeeded in cutting away two tubes. On the third entry he removed three, and after that he spent another five minutes resting.

Then came the task of reaming in new tubes, and to do this he was compelled to enter the boiler five times. In each case he stayed inside nearly two minutes and as he crawled out the last time he barely had breath and strength enough left to say to his chief before he fainted dead away:

"It's done, sir."

As a result of his experience in that hell of heat, the man was laid up in the ship's hospital for over a week. And to this day his sleep is constantly disturbed by dreams in which he is roasted in red-hot furnaces.

This same engineer was in the boiler room one day when suddenly a valve, in among a great coil of pipes above the boilers, began leaking badly and filling the room with scalding steam. Instantly, and regardless of his own safety, he scrambled upon the pipes and breathlessly began making repairs.

He had almost finished when, as unexpectedly as the valve had got out of order, a pipe joint, below the one on which he was standing, broke, and a stream of hissing steam enveloped his foot. When he endeavored to pull it away, he found it to be tightly wedged in the joint.

He had on low shoes and before his cries brought aid his shoe and sock were burned off and his foot and lower leg parboiled. He was unable to resume work for three months, and to-day he walks with a perceptible limp. Yet he looked upon it all as a part of the day's work, and uttered no complaint.

Ten years ago, just around Christmas time, the Umbria broke her thrust shaft and floundered helplessly in mid-ocean. The part that broke was twenty-six feet long and weighed tons.

Under the direction of Chief Engineer Lawrence Tomlinson, the pieces were secured and suspended by chains from the top of the shaft tunnel, and then, although the shaft threatened to fall on him at any moment, he crawled into the tunnel, found that the shaft was broken off square, so that it could not be riveted together, and spent hours in taking measurements for a collar to be fastened over the break.

He spent other hours in making and putting on the collar, all the time either lying on the flat of his back or working in a squatting position, so small was the space. All told, he labored unceasingly for two full days.

After that he slept for two hours, and the twenty-two hours following he worked without pause until at last he had bolted the jacket in place.

The job was finished late Monday night, and the ship was got under way. Early Tuesday morning the head of a bolt broke off, the jacket slipped, and once more Tomlinson had to crawl into the tunnel and make repairs.

Again the ship got under way and again after an hour of running, snap went two bolts. And once more Tomlinson risked life and limb in the shaft tunnel.

To make a long story short, Tomlinson was crawling into the tunnel continually until the voyage ended, but while the passengers did not know of his heroism until they landed and read of it in the newspapers, Tomlinson had the satisfaction, at least, of knowing that his work had prevented the shaft from knocking a hole into the ship's side and leaving the vessel helpless and in peril in a stormy sea until a tow should chance along.

It was one of Engineer Tomlinson's fellow Scotchmen who pried open a safety valve and prevented a serious explosion on a liner that is sailing the seas to-day.

For some reason or other the donkey engine, used for hoisting cargo and luggage, had been started at sea and a fireman put in charge of it. An hour or so later the second engineer, whose watch it was, distinguished an unusual noise among the multitude of sounds of the big ship—so keen is an engineer's sense of hearing.

He located it as coming from the donkey engine, and rushed thither. As he got near he realized that the safety valve had stuck and after he had slid down the narrow, oily companionway he found not only the safety valve stuck tight, but the fireman asleep at his post, and the boiler all but ready to explode.

In less time than it takes to tell it, he grabbed a crowbar and was up among the pipes, frantically trying to pry open the valve. How long he worked he does not know—"it seemed years," he said; but he finally got the valve open in the nick of time and prevented an explosion, which would surely have blown a big hole in the ship's bottom.

Not infrequently the engineers are compelled to work in water up to their knees. The plates of many a ship, when she straddles a sea, move and cut at their rivets and leak mightily. Then the engineer must wade around in an engine room flooded from port to port and give heed to naught but the welfare of his engines.

He must not think about the manifold dangers of sailing in a "leaky old tub," or of rheumatism, or other ills that will come to him from working for hours in brine and bilge water. It is a trite saying of the sea that wherever there is a ship engineer, there also is a bad case of rheumatics.

It is only when a cylinder head bursts or a large valve gives way, filling the engine rooms with scalding steam before the opportunity can be seized upon to repair the damage, that an engineer is forced to leave his post. Then it is that he has to charge for dear life up steep, narrow companionways, made slippery by engine oil, to a place of safety. And all the time he climbs upward, the steam pursues him, for the companionways are in the only opening leading out of the engine rooms.

But it is not often that escaping steam gets ahead of an engineer, for he is a man trained to act like a lightning flash in emergencies. The emergency is not always below decks.

An English tramp once came into New York harbor showing the queerest looking funnel imaginable. While still several days out a storm carried away the funnel, and to keep their ship from having to be towed in, the engineers rigged up a funnel out of pieces of old sails, twine, rope ends, flattened out tin cans, and all other kinds of junk that they could make to serve their purpose.

This wonderful work they held in position by lines made fast to the masts, and so well did it fulfil the duty for which it was constructed that the tramp made port only a day or so late under her own steam, refusing all offers of assistance and thus saving to her owners thousands of dollars in salvage money.

"And such instances," said the manager, "are almost of every day occurrence."

CHARLES I.'S DEATH WARRANT.

The Original Document Now Believed to Be in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 21.—Howard Rayner, a member of the Baltimore bar, has in his possession what purports to be the original warrant issued for the execution of Charles I. King of England. The document came into his possession recently through some legal business he was transacting for a client who is a descendant of Col. Lynne. The warrant was directed to Col. Lynne, "or to the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, or to both of them."

It was necessary to secure from England some family records, and among the contents of the box shipped to Mr. Rayner's client was the warrant. The descent of the Baltimorean from Col. Lynne is said to be established, and in his family there has always been a tradition that the death warrant was in the possession of his relatives.

The warrant has no bearing on the matter concerning which Mr. Rayner was seeking information. Its presence among the other papers is believed to have been the result of an oversight on the part of those who packed the box.

The parchment is badly worn. Fifty years after its issue, according to tradition, it was placed upon a canvas background to preserve it. The date line on the warrant is as follows:

At the high court of justice for the tryinge and indytinge of Charles Steuart, Kinge of England, January 24th, Anno Domini, 1648.

This is the language of the warrant:

Whereas, Charles Steuart, Kinge of England, is and standeth convicted, attaynted and condemned of high treason and other high crimes, and sentence was pronounced against him by this [a symbol supposed to represent the Court passing sentence] to be put to death by the severance of his head from his body, of which sentence execution yet remaineth to be done. These are therefore to will and require you to see this sentence executed in the open streets before Whitehall upon the morrowe the thirtieth this instante month off January between the hours of Ten in the morninge and five in the afternoon of the same day full effect. And for soe doing this shall be your sufficient warrant. And these are to require all officers and souldiers and others off the good people off this Nation of England to be assisting unto this service. Given under our hands and seal.

Then follow the names of the members of the House of Commons who signed Charles I.'s death warrant. Bradshawe, the president, signed first. Thomas Grey was second, and the name of O. Cromwell appears third on the list.

Two warrants were issued for the execution of Charles I. One was given to the headsman and the other to the officer commanding the troops at the Tower. It was the duty of the latter to protect the executioner in carrying out the sentence of the House of Commons, which, in this case, constituted the court.

On the document some of the words are crossed with lines drawn at right angles to one another. Several signatures to the document are marked in the same manner. This has been explained in the following manner:

It was feared that an attempt might be made by the King's friends to bribe some one to invalidate the warrant by changing its wording. It would be impossible to erase any word without destroying in part the checkered lines, and the fraud would at once be apparent if there was any interference with the continuity of the marks.

Some of the Commoners, too, were not anxious to place their signatures on a warrant for the death of the King of England. Their braver associates made sure that the weaklings or conscientious members, as the case might be, should not have their names removed from the document. Hence the marks over the names.

On Jan. 30, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Charles I. was taken to a scaffold covered with black, before Whitehall. There he was executed. It will be noticed that there is some discrepancy in the date of the warrant and the facts connected with the execution as ordinarily recorded.

NEW CURE FOR PNEUMONIA.

It Was Discovered by an Indian Tending a Sick Man in the Woods.

NORTHEAST CARRY, Me., Feb. 21.—Earnest Southworth and James Rice, prospectors for Bangor landowners, have just had a series of misadventures in the forests beyond Lobster Lake. Their ill luck came to a head when, after being caught in a severe snowstorm, they reached an abandoned camp.

There Rice fell ill with a cold which developed symptoms of pneumonia. His companion, believing that he would die unless help came at once, set out for the nearest lumber camp, leaving a note torn from his survey book to tell where he had gone.

Three days later, when Southworth returned with a horse and sled to remove the sick man, he found Rice able to sit up. Rice said he owed his life to some medicine which Southworth had left for him, and which the Indian had administered faithfully.

"But I was greatly worried about you," said Rice, "because you left no word about your going away, and I had begun to think you had deserted me to let me die in camp with this Indian."

"Sockalexis," said Southworth in his sternest tone, "what did you do with that paper I gave you and told you to hand to Mr. Rice as soon as he came to himself and was able to read?"

The Indian scratched his head as if struggling with a new idea. In the end he grasped the meaning of the question and replied:

"Heem papier? Oh, *oui!* Ah'm bin knew w'at you bin mean. Ah'm bin tear ze papier oop an' geev heem to ze seek mans ez ze medicine w'at you bin tole ter geev. Eet mak' heem geet well pretty kveek, heem all good now. Ze papier medicine, heem do eet."

Instead of giving the note to Rice to read, the Indian had torn it to bits and administered it as medicine, thus adding a new remedy for pneumonia to the American pharmacopia.

THE SEAMLESS TOY BALLOON.

An American Novelty Glowingly Described by a Dealer in Street Goods.

"Look at that," said a wholesale dealer in street novelties. "The very latest and newest and biggest thing in the market to-day."

He picked out of a box on the counter a little, loosely folded rubber bag about two inches long and having at one end a little neck, which he drew over a nipple on a machine something like a bicycle pump, then expanded the bag into a red rubber globe; it was a child's toy balloon, and a perfect sphere in shape.

"There it is," he said, "a seamless gas balloon, the first ever made anywhere, and this produced in the United States. Up to now all the toy balloons sold in the world have come from Belgium, France and England. We import, all told, a million gross a year—and these balloons all have seams in them. They are made in sections and united on a machine something like a sewing machine, except that instead of needles it has little hammers which hammer the seams together.

"There is a certain percentage of loss on them. Now, these modern American balloons, seamless, perfectly round, are not only superior in every way to the foreign ballon but they can be made cheaper, and are far more durable, and I expect we shall put the English, Belgian and French makers of toy balloons out of business. We are already turning these new balloons out here and there's a factory for making 'em with a capacity of a thousand hands, now under way.

"Thats the high novelty in this trade today, the American seamless toy balloon."